

wood, the *reveille* was beating inside the stockade, and it seemed as if the advanced sentry was attracted by the rattle of the drums, for he did not perceive us, in the mist of the morning, until they had ceased. Then he heard the rumble of the gun-carriages, and turned and fired, and hit Gates, the leading grenadier of the 41st, right through the head. The ball went in at one ear and out at the other. Our people deployed rapidly to the right and left, in the open, and commenced to fire. Proctor made a strange disposition of his line. He put a gun on each flank, and advanced one gun in front of the centre, so that every ball of the enemy, which missed the gun, struck the men in the rear, and some of our own musketry hit the gunners. I'll tell you a story about this presently. In the mean time the fire from our line was so heavy, that it drove the enemy who were outside the stockade down the bank on to the frozen stream below, and into the woods beyond, where numbers were killed by the Indians. The stockaded house still held out, when, to our surprise, General Winchester was brought in a prisoner. He had slept away from his men at the house of a Frenchman named Lasalle, about two miles off, and, aroused by the firing, had mounted his horse, and was riding down in haste, when he was intercepted by a drunken Indian, known by the soubriquet of Brandy Jack.\* His captor had despoiled the poor General of his cocked hat, coat and epaulets, and had donned these insignia of rank, and cut a most ludicrous figure with his vermilion cheeks and painted face and pompous aspect. The General, in his shirt-sleeves, on a bitter cold morning, was in a sad plight. Brandy Jack described how the General had fired his small gun (pistol) at him—'no good,'—and gave the captive of his rifle to Proctor, who received him with all kindness. The transition

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\* James and Christie attribute the capture of Winchester to Round Head a Wyandot chief. He may also have enjoyed the soubriquet of "Brandy Jack but the squire maintains the latter denomination to be the true one.

from peril of instant death to assured safety warmed the heart of General Winchester. He felt, at once that, the British were not the monsters they were painted, and he offered to surrender the stockaded house and garrison, if promised quarter. The promise was, of course, made, and the garrison laid down their arms. This led to a catastrophe which was deeply deplored by us all.

" But I promised you a story about Rolette. He came up to me on the ice, and said he was very sick—that he had a racking headache. I recommended him to return. The brave little Frenchman turned upon me as if I had insulted him. He was detailed to take charge of a gun, he said ; to go back would be eternal disgrace. ' Look here,' said he, producing a heavy Bandana handkerchief, tie this tight round my head.' I rolled it up thick, and did so. ' I am better already,' he remarked, and pushed on. After the action he came to me. ' That handkerchief,' said he, ' saved my life ; look here ; ' and in the folds of the handkerchief was a musket-ball, which had partly cut through the silk, and had flattened, one side of it, on his skull. That cranium of his must have been substantial. It was all swollen and blackened where the ball had struck. He was in front of our line in the centre, and had been wounded by our own men. Irvine, of the navy, a Lieutenant, who commanded the other gun, was also wounded in the heel.

" I have spoken of the catastrophe. I will tell you, now, how that came about. Scarcely had the prisoners surrendered, and been marched off to the rear, when news came that General Harrison was only eight miles distant, and was rapidly advancing with large reinforcements. Proctor got alarmed, and ordered a retreat. This was all right, but there was no need to hurry about it. The prisoners and many of the wounded were removed safely ; but some of the wounded, too much hurt to be moved, were left in the stockaded house, where there was also a store of liquors. The Indians—not Tecumseh's people, but Indians of the Lake, under Dickson-

prowlers and plunderers; who, it is believed, did not fight at all, got at the liquor, and, when mad with drink, assailed the prisoners. The guard was insufficient. It is feared that some of the wounded were murdered, too. It was a sad affair, and caused intense feeling in our camp. Proctor was greatly blamed by us, though he was made Major-General, and got the thanks of the Lower Canadian Parliament. He need not have retired so precipitately. Why, he left his own dead and wounded, including Colonel St. George, hit in three places.

" I had under my order at this time a number of sleighs and drivers for the commissariat transport, and I had taken possession of a Frenchman's house at Stoney Creek Landing, and used it for a depot. When Proctor retired with his men, it was reported that the wounded had been left behind. We discharged the sleighs there and returned, bringing down from eighty to a hundred wounded and twenty-three corpses. The wounded were made as comfortable as possible on straw spread on the floor of the Frenchman's house. The dead were conveyed to Amherstburg, and buried, all in one pit, here in the church-yard ; I can show you the place. I found poor Col. St. George, a brave old officer, who had been sent out from England to instruct the militia, lying where he fell, badly hurt. I brought him back in his own sleigh, having knocked the seat out, and filled it in with straw. He would have died else ; as it was, he did not get off his bed before July. The Americans followed us from French Town to Brownstown, an Indian village, at a cautious distance, it is true ; for we never saw any of them. But they boasted that the heroes of Brownstown returned, bringing on their bayonets the scalps of their enemies as trophies of war.\* This was published and printed ;

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\* James quotes a paragraph from the *National Intelligencer*, the American Government paper of that day, which stated that "when the Americans returned to Detroit from the battle of Brownstown, they bore triumphantly on

but it is not added whether the scalps were those of the wounded, or of the Indians, or of their own people. It is believed that with them a scalp was a scalp, from whatever skull it came, and that it was a cute Yankee trick to carry off the spoil, and credit the Indians with the act.

" The next affair in the campaign was that of Fort Meigs, on the Miami, which occurred in the month of April, 1813. General Harrison, after the capture of Winchester, occupied himself in strengthening Fort Meigs, as a depot and starting point for future attacks on Detroit. It is about 40 miles distance. Proctor determined to beat up his quarters, and sent for my brother, Major Reynolds, of the 2d Essex. My brother was highly praised by Proctor in his despatch of the 26th Jan., for his conduct at French Town. Proctor asked if he could depend on the services of the militia. The answer was, that, for a few days and prompt action, undoubtedly ; but that at that period of the season, longer delay would destroy all hope of crops, and bring starvation on the settlement and the troops. Proctor despatched, at the same time, two British engineers, disguised in Canadian costume, grey capats and sashes, to inspect the ground on the British side of the Miami, opposite to Fort Meigs. These gentlemen were so imprudent as actually to stake out the ground where they proposed to erect the British batteries. There happened to be then in the American service a Swiss colonel named Gratiot, a very clever engineer, and he chanced to be at Fort Meigs. He detected at once the meaning of the stakes on the opposite shore of the Miami ; and, before the British got down, he had run out an *epaulement*, or some such sort of thing,

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the points of their bayonets between 30 and 40 fresh scalps, which they had taken on the field." James, I, p. 66. But this evidently bore reference to Muir's affair at Maguagua, 12th August, 1812. Still, "scalps are scalps," whether taken in 1812 or 1813.

with a brass eighteen-pounder behind it, and our people were caught in their own trap.

"After Hull's surrender, my brother had been sent with two companies of militia, about 100 men, mostly French Canadians of the COte, to occupy French Town, on the Raisin. He was backed by some Indians—how many can hardly be said, they were so uncertain,—one day, 20 ; the next, 100 ; the next, 50 ; the next, none at all. One Colonel Lewis, with about 700 American regular troops, attacked him there. Our people fought most bravely, retired slowly from log to log, from morning till night. When night came, the Americans thought better of it, and gave up the pursuit, returning to the quarters our people had occupied at French Town. This affair was the subject of Proctor's despatch of the 26th Jan.

"Proctor embarked at Amherstburg, here, on the 23rd April, with a considerable force, convoyed by gun-boats.\* He took with him two long 24-pounders, to arm the work his engineers had planned against Fort Meigs. It took some time to get into position, and then the 18-pounder began to show its teeth. It commanded our guns, and was well served and aimed. It soon dismounted one of the 24's, and disabled the other, killing a fine boy of the Newfoundlanders, who was serving the vent. Still our people were not to be beaten that way. They got things right at last, when Harrison planned a sortie under Miller, aided by an attack from without. A reinforcement of 1200 Kentuckians, under General Green Clay, was within striking distance. Clay came down the river, crossed to the British side, and, aided by Miller's vigorous sortie, drove our people out of the battery upon their reserves, who were in camp further down the stream. The Americans followed in confusion. Our people rallied upon

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• Force 23d April, 1813.—Regulars	520
"    "    "    Militia..	460
"    "    "    Indians.	1500-2480

their own advanced rear, consisting of 300 militia, who opened fire at once, and then charged with a cheer, which brought up the regulars still further in the rear. Reynolds and Capt. Laurent Bondy, of the C6te, led up to the muzzles of the American rifles, which, once fired, are no match for the bayonet. Bondy was shot through the body, and fell against a tree. 'Don't stop for me,' he said, to some of the men who paused. 'Don't mind me—I'm done for. Do for those fellows.' And they did.\*

"The Kentucky men ran, the sortie was repulsed, the battery recaptured, a large number of prisoners was taken, and again occurred some of the same scenes which had caused so much horror at French Town. The Indians of different tribes, scattered through the woods, were beyond control ; they overpowered the escort. One man, Russell, of the 41st, was slain in defending his charge. Tecumseh rushed up, and drove his tomahawk into the skull of a truculent ruffian who would not hold his hand. Some of the prisoners were murdered, and among them Colonel Dudley, the second in command. I call it murder, because I won't call murder by any other name. There is no doubt those Indians were shocking implements of war, though perhaps not much worse than bomb shells or Greek fire, and why could not the Yankees leave the devils alone ? Who scalped the red skin at the Ta-ron-tee ?-1. The Indians were fighting for their lands, and avenging their own wrongs. If you

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\* 5th May, 1813.

t James, in his Military Occurrences, Vol. I, p. 62, gives the following version of the same occurrence : "In the pocket of Captain McCulloch of the American army, killed in this affair (Tecumseh and Van Horne) with the Indians, was found a letter addressed to his wife, in which this humane individual states that on the 15th July he had killed an Indian, and had the pleasure of tearing the scalp from the head of the savage with his teeth." That the Indian was scalped is an undoubted fact. We may be allowed to question the operation in dental surgery.

want the skin of a wild cat, you must take the scratching. We did all we could to stop the Indians. We gave five dollars for every prisoner brought in. Hundreds were brought in, and paid for by the Commissaries. I have paid numbers of such certificates myself.

" Another word on these scalping stories. They have been the stock in trade of American writers ever since the war, only they grow a little as they get on. Have these people forgotten the ' heroes of Brownstown, with the scalps on their bayonets,' borne home in triumph ? Now if the boast was true, where did the scalps come from ? Not from our dead, for I removed them all myself. Not from our wounded, for I helped to remove most of them, and know that none were left. Did they scalp their own dead ? or did they scalp the Indians ? If they scalped the Indians, what right have they to complain that\*the Indians scalped them ?

" But the defeat of Green Clay had no effect on the place, which still held out. Proctor opened fire from his 24's, and Gratiot gave him shot for shot. We were getting back to the old slow work, and I knew that the supplies were running short. I despatched orders for more, and got them, but we wanted push.' Proctor did not go at it in a way to satisfy any one. At last he dismounted his guns, put them on sleds, and let them down the steep bank under the fire of the enemy. It was done, by the men, as if on parade, but it was clear that a retreat was intended, and all began to talk. Tecumseh, through Colonel Elliott, demanded a council. It was held. I was present, but came in after Proctor had spoken. Tecumseh was up, calm, cool, deliberate, thinking in look, very hard in what he said. Elliott translated. ' Our father has brought us here to take the fort, why don't we take it ? If his children can't do it, give us spades, and we will work like beavers ; we'll eat a way in for him.' Other and harder words followed, until suddenly Proctor, in a passion, turned on Elliott with, Sir, you are a traitor.' Elliott instantly, half drawing his sword, answered, Sir, you **short, and**

not sweet.' Proctor put his hand on his sword-hilt. Tecumseh, who had sat down, Indian fashion, on his hams, and who was filling the pipe on his tomahawk, rose slowly, and shook the tobacco out, saying to Elliott, ' What does he say ? ' \* **Sit clown,**' says Elliott, putting his hand on Tecumseh's arm, " never mind what he *says.*" Other officers present moved up at once, and without a word stepped between; all felt it was wrong. Not long after, Elliott resigned his place as Indian Superintendent, and called Proctor out, but **no** meeting took place. Proctor was right ; a commander in the field holds his life for the safety of, others; he can't toss it away **for** the fun of a personal fight.

4 \* \* Next came the militia. It has been said they deserted Proctor. Nothing can be more **untrue**, unfair, ungenerous. Who had they to speak for them ? He was their mouthpiece. His despatch was the only record—praise others; say nothing about them ; and the brave man who fought for all he loved, had nothing to look to, but the love **of** those he fought for. Proctor treated the militia badly. When they saw his guns on skids, and knew the siege was over, they sent respectfully to ask leave to go home, only to put in a crop for the benefit of his men and their own children. He sent them home and disarmed them. He tried to disgrace them, but they would not be disgraced, because they knew they did not deserve it. Brock was another sort **of** man. He thought, and felt, and spoke for othe men, and other men loved him, and fought for him, and **died** for him.

"About the middle **of July**, Proctor planned another attack on **Fort** Meigs. He only took with him the regulars, and a few Indians. **He** refused the services of the militia, and, as I before said, took **away** their arms. How much of his future ill success is to be credited to this piece of policy, you will see. I went with the troops on this second expedition to **Fort Meigs.**\* **The plan was to inveigle**

the enemy out of the fort, and to get in with them ; but they would not come out, and as the place could not be taken with two six-pounders, the British retired with all the discredit of a defeat. What Proctor could not do at Fort Meigs, he tried to do on a more distant and more defensible work on the Sandusky river, Fort Stephenson, defended by Major Croghan, a brave Irishman, in the United States army. Proctor sent Major Chambers, with a flag, to demand the surrender of the fort.\* Croghan came out on the drawbridge of the ditch, and said to Chambers,—' Tell your General he may blow the fort to hell, but it shan't be given up by me.' He was as good as his word.

"Fire was opened on the work from the six-pounders, and on the evening of the 2nd August, Colonel Short, of the 41st, led on the storming party. They rushed through the smoke, down into the ditch, up against the palisades, but neither ladders nor fascines had been provided ; the tools they had were bad, some of the axes had no handles. The attempt to tear down the palisades failed. The men then tried, desperately, to clamber over, and while doing so, the enemy opened from a concealed gun, which flanked the ditch, and which, charged with grape, did deadly execution. Lieut. Gordon and Colonel Short were both killed ; about 100 men were killed and wounded, and the recall was sounded. The storming party was brought off; the Indians, who don't understand storming, covering the rear. The next morning Proctor left the river.

"Croghan made a gallant defence, and deserved all praise. His number was under 200 men. We had 500, and about 200 Indians. Croghan found in the magazine many boxes of muskets, meant for the militia. He opened them, and provided every one of his men with four or five, loaded ready at his side, so that the musketry fire was tremendous and incessant, and at close quarters, in open day-

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• 2nd August, 1813.

light, most fatal, and the masked gun did its work just in the nick of time.

"While these fights had been going on on the west shore of the Detroit, we had been preparing at Amherstburg for a contest on the lake, which we knew must determine who should be master on the western frontier. It was supremacy on this lake, or starvation. The party who held the lake cut off all means of supply from the other, and the more the mouths, the greater the danger. Now, the British had to feed the Indians, and their whole families, as well as their own people, and from the absence of the militia, no crop had been put in.

" Since June, Captain Barclay, of the Royal Navy, had been hard at work, fitting out his small squadron. We had a good harbor and dockyard between Bois Blanc Island and Fort Malden. We were preparing the Detroit, the Queen Charlotte, and other smaller vessels, but Barclay had neither guns, nor men, nor marine stores. The guns from the fort were put on board of the Detroit. I heard Captain Finnis ask Proctor to let him have two 24-pounders, the same that had been withdrawn from before Fort Meigs. Proctor said he must keep them to cover his retreat, should it take place

General,' said Finnis, `if we are lost, you are gone. Give me the guns, and, mayhap, you won't have to retreat at all.'" Finnis was right ; the guns might have saved all. As it was, they were taken without a shot fired, at Dalson's farm. Poor Finnis, who was a brave officer, was killed at the second broadside. The same ball killed Garden, of the Newfoundlanders, acting as marines, another brave officer. I was not in the sea fight of course, but I know that when the ships were supplied, our stock in store was reduced very low.

" Perry's squadron were all armed with 32's and long 24's. His two best ships, the Lawrence and Niagara, were brigs, armed each with 20 32-pounder Columbiads. The best of ours had only a

motley 'complement of 24's, 16's, and 12's one brig, the Hunter, had 10, 4-pounders. The men told me that when engaged with the American schooners, their 32's crashed through her; while, in return, our balls stuck in the side of the American, like currants in a pudding."

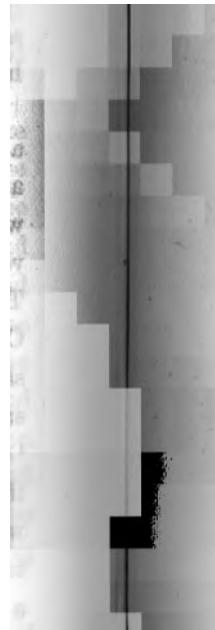


CHAPTER XX.

Captain Barclay and Commodore Perry—Resources of each—Perry's difficulty—Crosses the bar at Presqu'Isle—Description of Barclay's crew and armament—10th September—Battle of Lake Erie—Desperate contest—The Lawrence surrenders—Perry's personal exploit—Changes his ships—Renews the contest—The British squadron captured—Officers all killed or wounded—The resistance of Barclay and his crews—Barclay's heroic character and conduct—Appearance before a Court martial—Honourably acquitted—Barclay's defeat, Proctor's doom—Position of Proctor—Nature of country—Supplies exhausted—Alternative of retreat or surrender—Retreats—Line of march—Difficulties—Followed by Harrison—Kentucky Mounted Riflemen—Tactics in the battle—Character of forest—Not impracticable to horsemen.

We take leave of Squire Reynolds, and his store of incidents, at the time of this great disaster. While Barclay had been occupied at Amherstburg, Commodore Perry had been equally busy at the port of **Presqu'Isle, in** Pennsylvania, on Lake Erie. He had the great advantage of being near to his supplies, and abounding in them. From the sea-board he had received excellent crews. Military and marine stores had been furnished to him at great cost and trouble, but neither cost nor trouble could supply Captain Barclay.

For some time Perry labored under this disadvantage : Presqu'Isle was a bar harbour, across which he could not take his ships with their guns on board. In consequence, Barclay lay off the harbour, and, with a very inferior force, kept him at bay. **He could not** venture into deep water in disabled ships, but a gale at last drove Barclay away. Perry slipped out, took his guns on board from lighters, and was, from that moment, master of the lake. Not, however, without a desperate struggle. Barclay retired to Malden, and pushed on his preparations. The Detroit was fitted for sea



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